



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



AN INTERIOR AT DELAVAN, BY MARIE BLANKE.

STUDENT LIFE AT DELAVAN.

The Vanderpoel-Boutwood Classes, Delavan, Wisconsin.

NATURE was in a lavish mood when she molded the hills and hollows of Delavan. She bestowed beauties with a free hand upon this Wisconsin resort, and the observant eye can find charming bits in quick succession. The succession of hill upon hill, the moody lake with its purple shadows at evening, and its rank growth of lilies, rushes and sedges, the small stream winding through the valley, past willows and grassy banks, almost lost to sight at times, but persistently reappearing — these are a few of the charms that never weary. From each of the many bridges a delightful view greets the eye.

When, in addition to the natural beauties, you find the people of the town most willing to place themselves and their belongings at your service, it seems as if a more ideal haunt for an artist could not be found.

Every summer word passes through the town, "The artists are com-

ing," and from Chicago comes a party of young men and young women, the summer class which has been held there for several years by Mr. Vanderpoel and Mr. Boutwood.

Many hundreds of sketches of Delavan have found their way into homes all over the country, and many have been exhibited in Chicago.

As you alight from the cars at the station, the surroundings strike you as rather commonplace, and you wonder what there is to paint, but Delavan is like some friends, the longer you know it the more firmly it is established in your affections.

A short ride in the omnibus brings guests to the hotel, where most of the students stay, and one is impressed by the tasteful residences in this first glimpse of the town.

The work of the week usually includes painting from a model posed outdoors during one-half of the day, when a subject is chosen which suggests open-air occupation, as a farmer resting on a mound of hay, a girl picking cherries, a man or boy fishing, or a girl leaning against a tree. The other half of the day is devoted to landscape. A few of the graduates and more advanced students work alone, having their work criticised after the classes are over, but as a rule the students find it more profitable to work under the direct supervision of the instructors.

It was with decided awe of my teacher that I started my first sketch, for I had been assured he was quite severe, but I soon found that he was only a man after all, and very kind and helpful.

Not the least pleasure of a sojourn at Delavan is the more intimate acquaintance with the artist instructors.

As artists Mr. Boutwood and Mr. Vanderpoel are too well known to need comment. They have been closely concerned in the advancement of art interests in Chicago, and as instructors they have done long and faithful service in our Art Institute.

Our landscape work covered many different fields—one week being spent near the lake, painting the farther and near shores with the reflections in the water; again, the subject chosen was a hillside with a row of trees and bushes, and a barn at the top; at another time, a row of haystacks, a winding road leading up hill past a line of willows, or an extended view of hills. Picturesque subjects for composition can be found at every turn.

Entire freedom is allowed students in the choice of medium, and in methods of work, so long as their efforts are in the right direction, and this is perhaps best, as individuality is always the greatest charm of any work.

On two or three occasions, a sudden shower started the class on a run to the studio, which the townsfolk have generously built and turned over

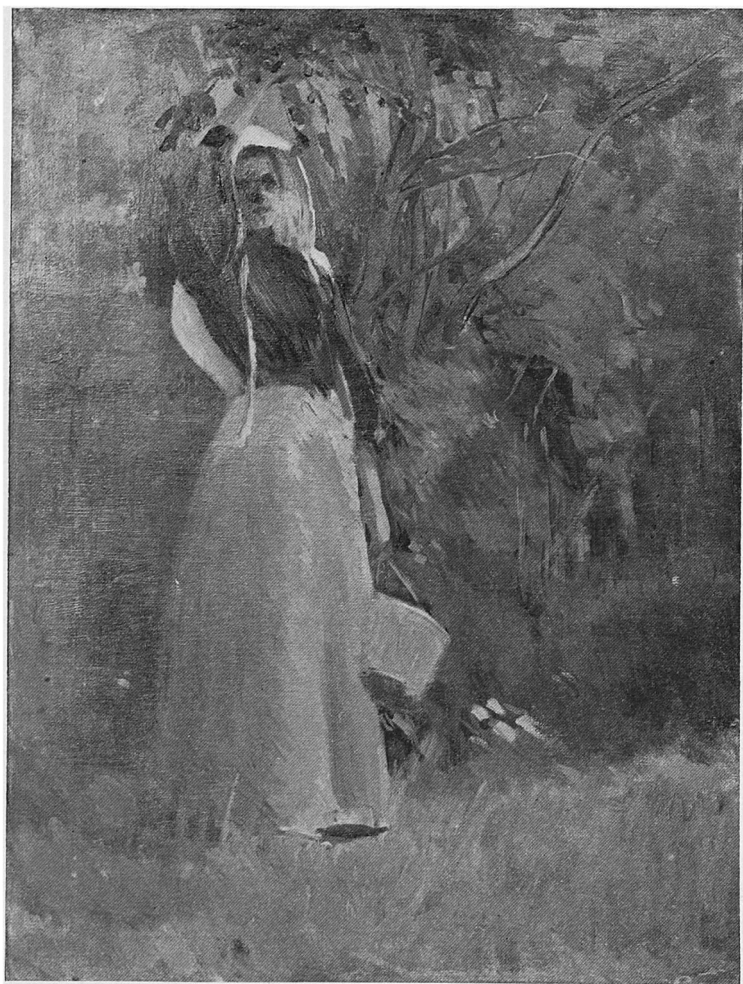
to the artists, and a most welcome retreat it is when the weather makes work in the field impossible. Its location is in a delightful spot, close to Lake Como.

Saturday is the day for sketching without supervision. The class



RETURNING FROM MILKING, BY PAULINE PALMER.

choose their own work, and are at liberty to have it criticised in the evening. They scatter in small groups wherever fancy leads them. On my first Saturday I started out with the best intentions, and began a sketch of a group of barns and wagons. But the lake was too enticing, and at noon I returned with no sketch, but an armful of fragrant lilies and a



PICKING CHERRIES, BY MRS. ELEANOR EATON.

color which developed during the day, so that, at evening, I solemnly offered to pose as an Indian. My offer was not accepted ; it must have been because my hair was not of the proper tint, for I am sure the hue of my face left nothing to be desired.

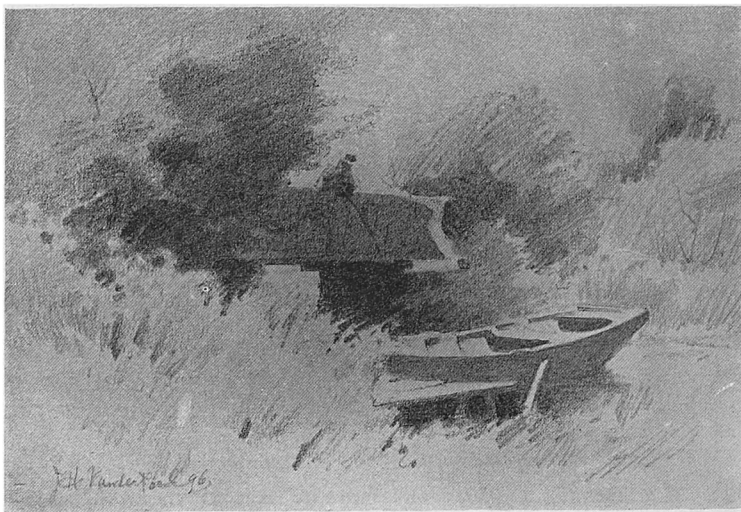
The days pass quickly, and much earnest work is done. After supper several of the students go out to sketch the sunsets, which seem particularly fine and gorgeous. Those who did not attempt to paint them went to the top of some hill where the view was open, and there would watch as the sun from his vast forge spread his colors upon the heavens, and after playing through the whole gamut of color, would slowly draw in ray after ray while he sank from sight.

While most of the time is spent in hard work, there are plenty of opportunities for outings and excursions of various kinds. Lake Geneva, with its deep, crystal, clear water, lies ten miles away, and many trips were made to it on wheels. An omnibus can also be chartered for a day by those who prefer to go in that way.

Nearer at home lies Lake Delavan, with many pleasant resorts on its shores. The last day of the class was spent there, taking the steamer trip around the lake during the afternoon.

As you see your trunks piled into the baggage car, it is with vivid regret that you realize that your stay at Delavan is at an end, and that you must part from all the friends of the summer; but there will always be pleasant memories, and your sketches to remind you of the pleasant days that have passed.

LOUISE RIEDEL.



THE BOAT LANDING, FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY J. H. VANDERPOEL.